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The Exhibitionist

[sandwich](#) [lunch](#)

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Chapter 1 by Mark

John queued for a sandwich. Although the sandwich he queued for was said to be excellent, time was ticking on and he was beginning to question his choice of lunch.

It probably wan't too late to change his mind but he'd already invested twenty minutes in the queue and if he left now, he felt, that that time would have been wasted. Squandered, in fact. Unquestionably.

He was feeling anxious, if he was being honest with himself. He felt claustrophobic and alienated in the queue. These people all looked alike, sounded alike, and there were far too many of them. Where did they come from? What do they do? Where do they get that haircut?

He knew where they got their sandwiches anyway. He grinned at this, he had always been quite witty after all, and he turned and gave a knowing glance to the group behind him. They didn't acknowledge him, which he could admit in hindsight was probably for the best.

Adding to his, by now, considerable anxiety was the fact that his place in the queue had not yet

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This was important to him. He had to know his way around, so he could

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